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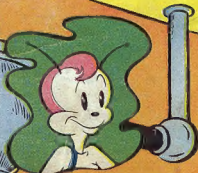
ANIMAL



FABLES



M-DIS



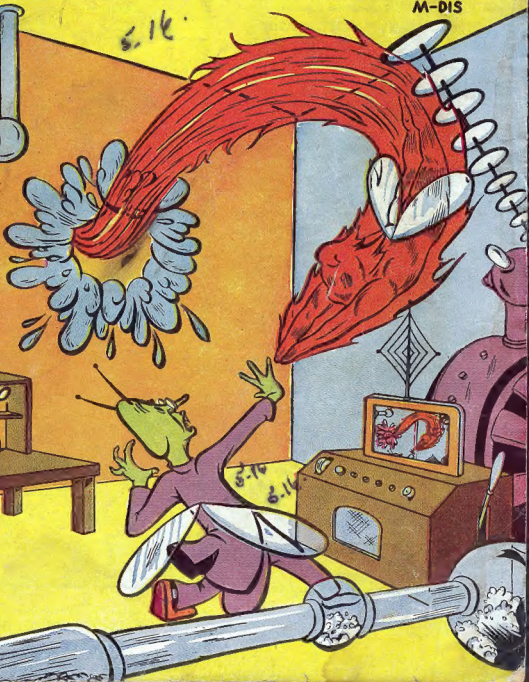
FREDDY FIREFLY



KORKY KANGROO



DANNY DEMON



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FREDDY FIREFLY The magic words "Take Fire" transform meek little Freddy into that mighty meteor of flame—FIREFLY! But what happens when Firefly finds himself inside the body of the evil Professor Mantis?



KORKY KANGROO Korky is up to his old tricks once again! This time he's busy throwing his voice but what Korky doesn't know is that voices sometimes BOOMERANG! And when they do



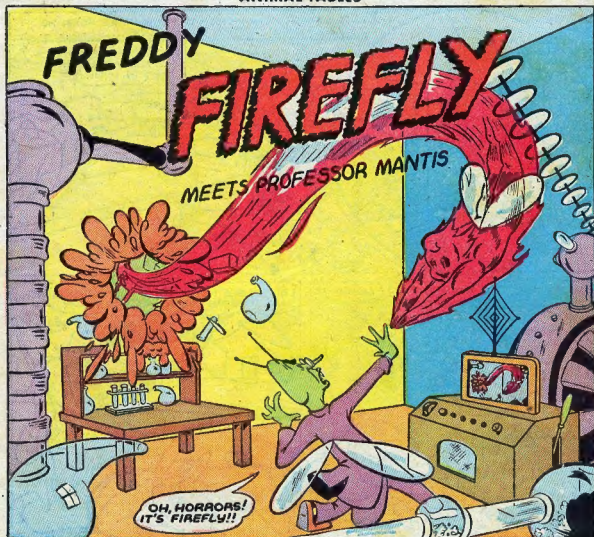
DANNY DEMON Mr. Fiend is still busy trying to make a truly BAD demon out of little Danny. And, as usual, he gets the same results . . . which sometimes surprise him!

PLUS: These unique ANIMAL FABLES Features:

Two modern versions of the world-famed
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THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

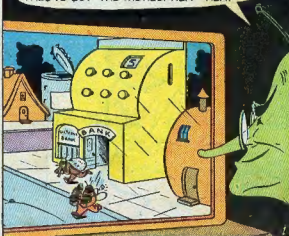
THE FOX AND THE CROW



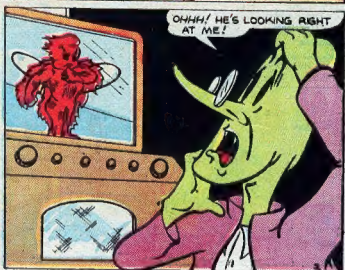
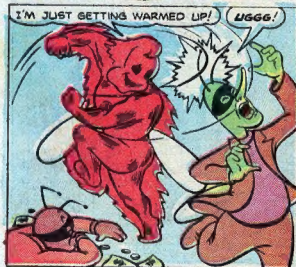
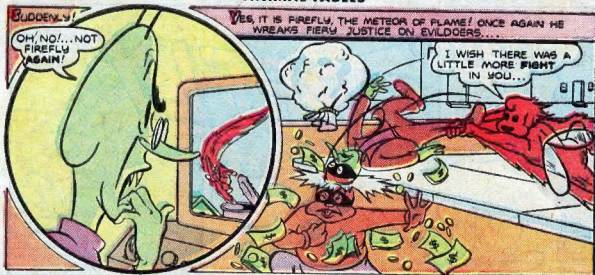
IN THE LABORATORY OF THE MOST WICKED SCIENTIST OF THE INSECT WORLD... PROFESSOR MANTIS!



THERE THEY ARE! MY PLAN IS A SUCCESS! THEY'VE GOT THE MONEY! HEH--HEH!



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NO, HE **CAN'T** BE! MY UNIQUE SPATIAL TELEVISOR ENABLES ME TO SEE HIM, BUT HE CAN'T SEE ME!



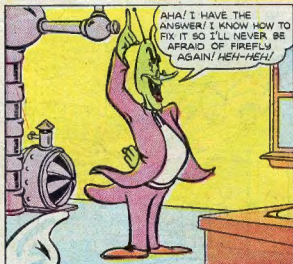
BUT EVEN MY STUPENDOUS SCIENTIFIC GENIUS CANNOT PROTECT ME FROM FIREFLY FOREVER! SOMEDAY HE'LL CATCH UP TO ME! I SHUDDER TO THINK OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN THEN....



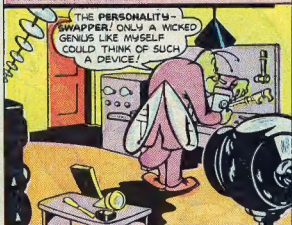
IS THERE NO WAY TO DEFEAT THAT FLAMING TERROR? HOW CAN I EVER BECOME EMPEROR OF THE INSECT WORLD WHILE FIREFLY IS AROUND TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS?



AHA! I HAVE THE ANSWER! I KNOW HOW TO FIX IT SO I'LL NEVER BE AFRAID OF FIREFLY AGAIN! HEH-HEH!

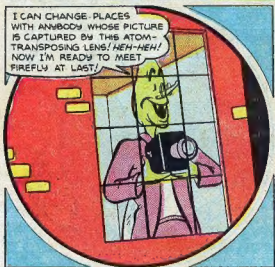


DAY AND NIGHT, PROFESSOR MANTIS WORKS IN HIS LABORATORY UNTIL HIS LATEST DIABOLICAL INVENTION IS COMPLETED....



THE PERSONALITY-SWAPPER! ONLY A WICKED GENIUS LIKE MYSELF COULD THINK OF SUCH A DEVICE!

I CAN CHANGE PLACES WITH ANYBODY WHOSE PICTURE IS CAPTURED BY THIS ATOM-TRANSPOSING LENS! HEH-HEH! NOW I'M READY TO MEET FIREFLY AT LAST!

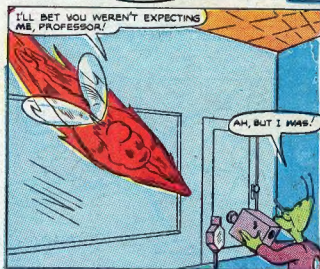


LATER AT A BUSTOWN RADIO STATION...

POLICE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR THE EVIL PROFESSOR MANTIS, BELIEVED TO BE THE MASTER-MIND BEHIND THE RECENT CRIME WAVE THAT HAS STRUCK OUR CITY...



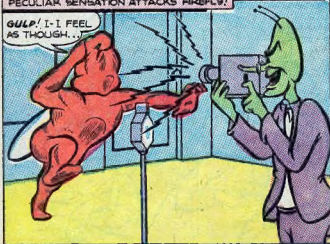
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ANIMAL FABLES

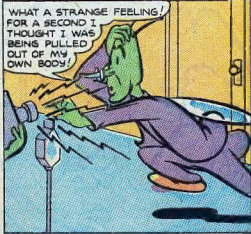
AS PROFESSOR MANTIS PRESSES THE SWITCH, A MOST PECULIAR SENSATION ATTACKS FIREFLY!

GULP! I-I FEEL AS THOUGH...



AN INSTANT LATER, FIREFLY FINDS HIMSELF INSIDE THE BODY OF PROFESSOR MANTIS!

WHAT A STRANGE FEELING! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT I WAS BEING PULLED OUT OF MY OWN BODY!



BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS... ULP!



JUMPIN' JUPTER! I'M NOT FIREFLY ANY LONGER! I'M PROFESSOR MANTIS!

HEH-HEH!



FIREFLY...ER I MEAN... YOU'RE PROFESSOR MANTIS!

EXACTLY! HEH-HEH! I'VE TAKEN POSSESSION OF YOUR BODY, FIREFLY!



YOU FIEND! GIVE ME BACK MY BODY!

HEH-HEH!



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HIT BY FIREFLY?

OHhhh!

ANIMAL FABLES



AH! THE POLICE HAVE ARRIVED!

WE HEARD PROFESSOR MANTIS' BROADCAST AND CAME OVER AS SOON AS WE COULD!

THERE'S YOUR CULPRIT!



HE'S A DANGEROUS CHARACTER! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!

WE WILL, FIREFLY!



BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S NOT FIREFLY! I AM!



OH, SO YOU'RE FIREFLY! NUTTY AS EH, PROFESSOR? A SQUIRREL'S CAGE! I SUPPOSE THAT FELLOW IN THERE IS *REALLY* PROFESSOR MANTIS!



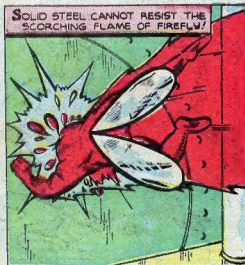
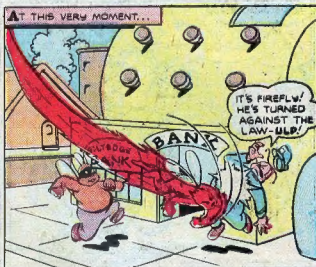
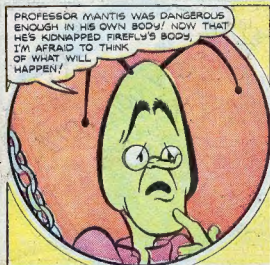
THAT'S RIGHT! HE IS!

SURE...AND I'M THE SECOND COUSIN TO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA! COME WITH ME PROFESSOR!



OH, DEAR! HOW WILL I EVER CONVINCE THEM THAT I'M FIREFLY? I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE MYSELF!

ANIMAL FABLES



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ANIMAL FABLES

LATER, AT THE BUSTOWN JAIL...



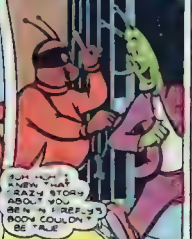
OPEN THE CELLS! RELEASE ALL THE CONVICTS!



JUMPIN' JUPITER!
IT'S A JAILBREAK!



WHY, IT'S PROFESSOR
MANTIS!

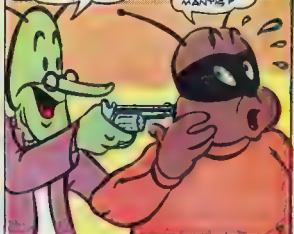


YOU GOTTA GET UP EARLY
IN THE MORNIN' TO FOOL
ME! YES, SIR!

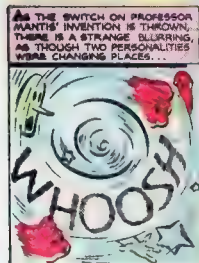
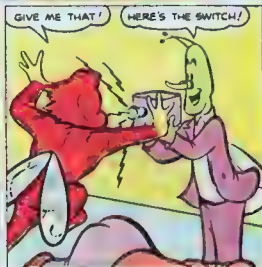
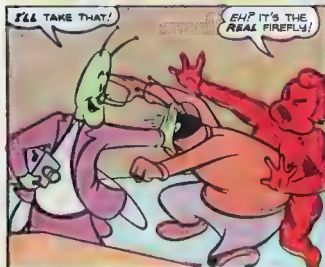
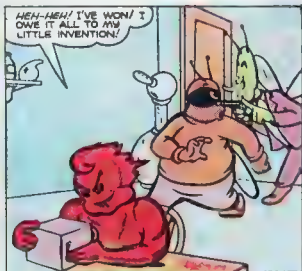
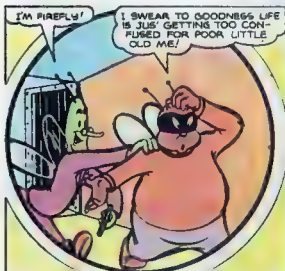


WELL, I'M NOT PROFESSOR
MANTIS... MARCH!

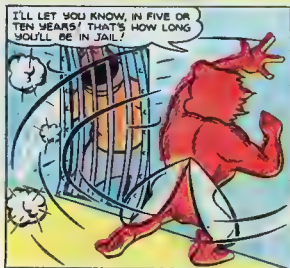
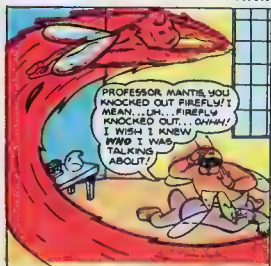
ULP YOU AIN'T
PROFESSOR
MANTIS!



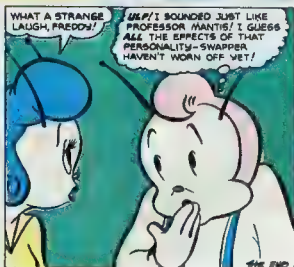
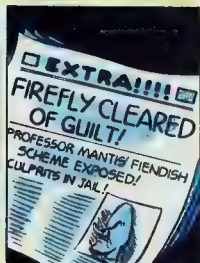
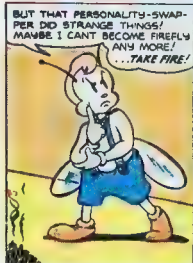
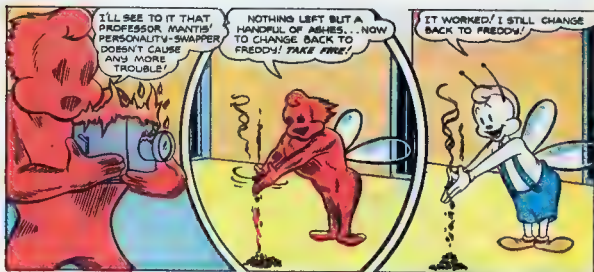
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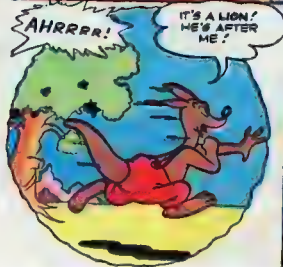
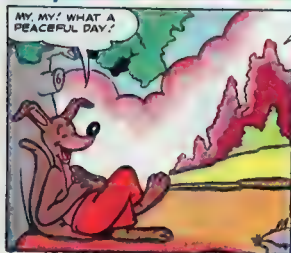


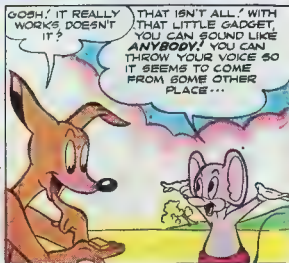
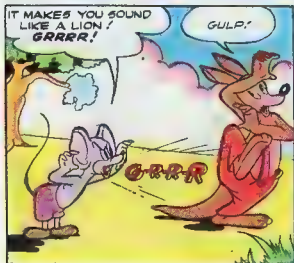
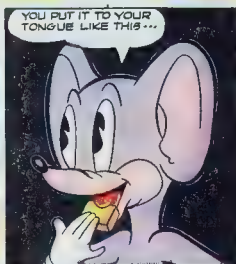
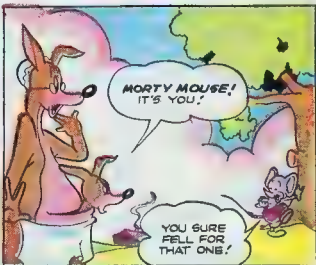
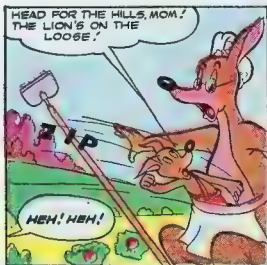
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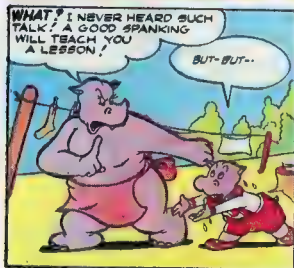
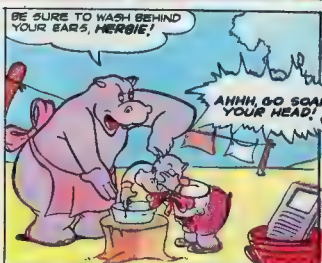
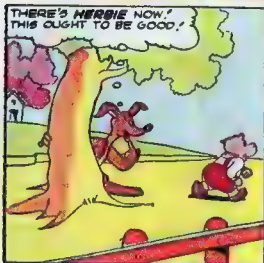
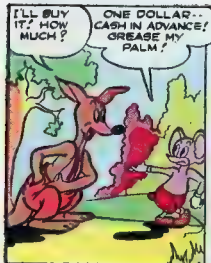
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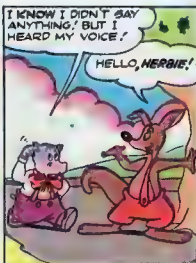




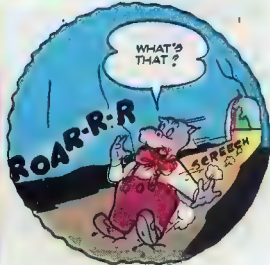
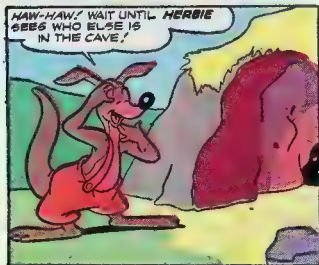
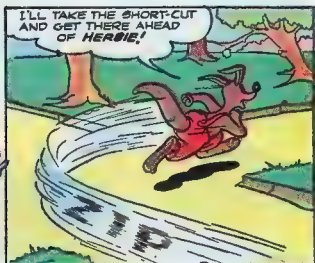
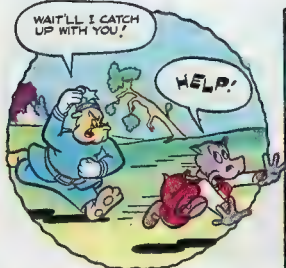


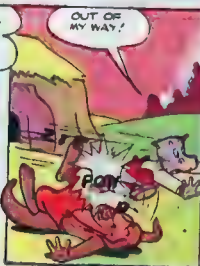
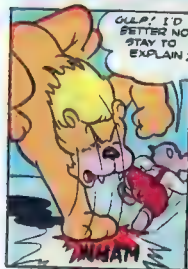
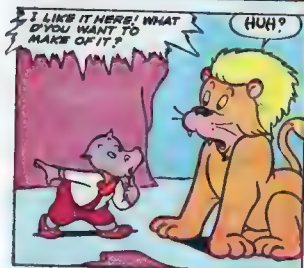
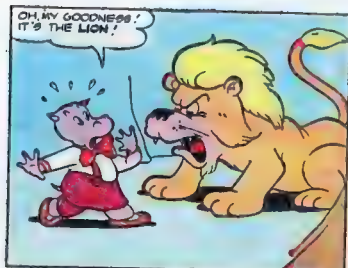
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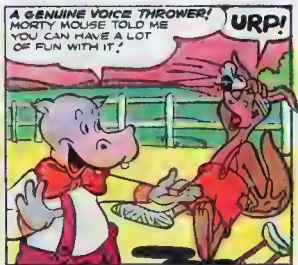
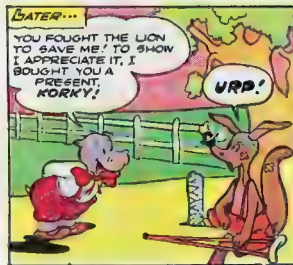
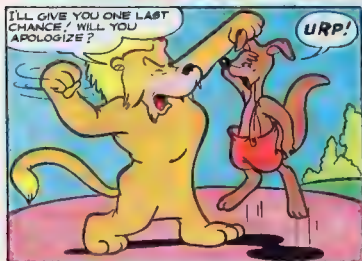
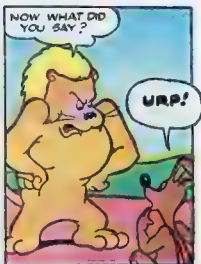


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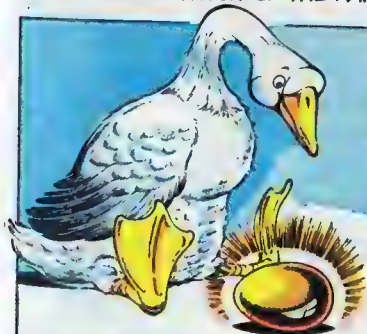


ANIMAL FABLES



THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

A MODERN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS AESOP FABLE



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A VERY UNUSUAL GOOSE.

SHE LOOKED JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER GOOSE. HER NECK CURVED LIKE A GOOSE, HER FEET WERE WEBBED LIKE A GOOSE AND IN SIZE SHE WAS SOMEWHAT LARGER THAN A DUCK, AND SOMEWHAT SMALLER THAN A SWAN, WHICH IS JUST LIKE A GOOSE.

STILL, SHE WAS A VERY UNUSUAL GOOSE.

SHE LAID GOLDEN EGGS.

WHEN THE FARMER DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD A GOOSE WHO LAID GOLDEN EGGS, HE BECAME VERY FOND OF HER.

HE FED HER ONLY THE

RAREST OF GOOSE-FOOD.

HE BUILT HER A NEST OF THE FINEST STRAW TO LAY HER GOLDEN EGGS IN.

AND EVERY DAY THE GOOSE REPAID HIM BY LAYING A FAT, HEAVY, PURE-GOLDEN EGG.

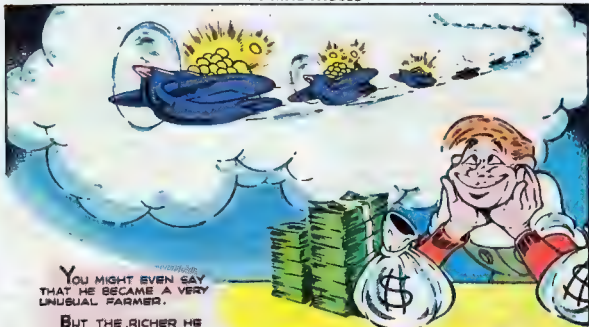
IN FACT, THE GOOSE DIDN'T THINK IT WAS UNUSUAL OR IN ANY WAY REMARKABLE THAT SHE SHOULD LAY GOLDEN EGGS.

BUT THAT IS BECAUSE SHE WAS A VERY UNUSUAL GOOSE.

SOON THE FARMER GREW RICH BY SELLING THE GOLDEN EGGS. HE BUILT A FINE NEW HOUSE, AND A FINE NEW BARN, AND HE TOOK HIS PRODUCE TO MARKET IN THE FINEST OF LIMOUSINES.



ANIMAL FABLES



YOU MIGHT EVEN SAY THAT HE BECAME A VERY UNUSUAL FARMER.

BUT THE RICHER HE BECAME, THE RICHER HE WANTED TO BE. HE WANTED AN EVEN FINER HOUSE, A BIGGER AND BETTER BARN, AND HE WANTED TO TAKE HIS PRODUCE TO MARKET IN A PRIVATE FLEET OF AEROPLANES.

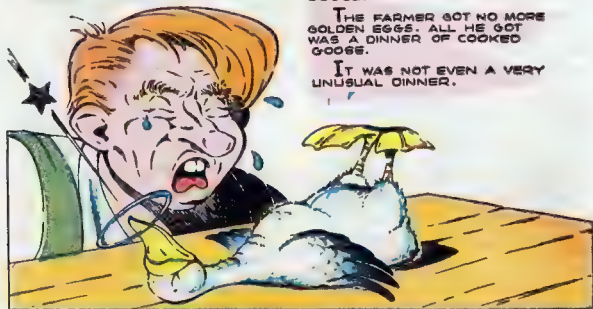
FINALLY HE DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET ALL THE MONEY HE WANTED. HE WOULD KILL HIS GOOSE, AND TAKE ALL HER GOLDEN EGGS AT ONCE.

SO HE KILLED THE GOOSE.

BUT WHEN HE OPENED THE GOOSE, HE FOUND NO GOLDEN EGGS AT ALL. IN FACT, THE GOOSE WAS A VERY ORDINARY DEAD GOOSE.

THE FARMER GOT NO MORE GOLDEN EGGS. ALL HE GOT WAS A DINNER OF COOKED GOOSE.

IT WAS NOT EVEN A VERY UNUSUAL DINNER.



JIMMY DUGAN'S MAGIC HARP

ONCE upon a time there was a boy named James Aloysius Dugan who lived right in the middle of New York City, but who really belonged with the elves and leprechauns in County Cork, Ireland. That's because Jimmy's folks were Irish and had passed on to him a full set of Irish features. In fact, some of Jimmy's relatives still lived there. Which is how he came to get the harp.

Jimmy's Uncle Davey, who had a farm near Dublin, sent him the harp for his fourteenth birthday. It was an Irish harp — the kind one held in one's lap in order to play — but Jimmy didn't like it.

"Whatum I gonna do withan ol' harp?" he mumbled angrily.

"Shure . . . you're goin' to larn to *play* it, that's what!" answered his father.

"ME??" asked Jimmy unhappily.

"*YOU!*" replied his father firmly. He was a very stern man.

So Jimmy learned to play the harp. He learned "Mother Machree" and "My Wild Irish Rose" and many other Irish melodies that brought tears of joy to his parents' eyes.

After a while Jimmy got used to the idea, and even began to like it. Until, that is, he tried to play "The Wearin' Of The Green." He was sitting on the roof of the apartment house where he lived. The sun was shining, and Jimmy sat with the harp on his lap watching the tugs steam busily up and down the East River, which was nearby. He raised his hand and strummed the opening bars of "The Wearin' Of The Green." Suddenly the harp rose from his lap and sailed into the air! It described several graceful arcs and a very neat "figure eight," and then settled quietly back on Jimmy's knees.

James Aloysius Dugan was dumbfounded — and it takes a lot to dumbfound the Dugans. Unable to believe what he saw, he strummed the same melody once again. The harp sailed aloft as before, frightened a sea-gull, looped-the-loop, and returned neatly to its resting place.

"Hullygosh! She's jet-propelled!" breathed Jimmy in amazement, "I'd better tell Captain Timothy about this!"

Captain Timothy was a tug-boat captain who spent most of his sea-faring days hauling coal barges up and down the East River. He was a good friend of Jimmy's, and had spent many hours telling him wonderful tales of the strange lands he had visited in days gone by.

When Jimmy came racing down to the dock, Captain Timothy was lounging on his tug-boat, enjoying a quiet pipe. Without a word, Jimmy sat down, put the harp on his lap, and started to play the fateful song. Once more the harp zoomed aloft and did its little sky dance.

Jimmy looked at Captain Timothy expectantly and waited for his exclamations of surprise, but Captain Timothy went right on smoking his pipe.

"Reminds me of a harp I once picked up in Karachi, India," he said quietly.

"Hullygosh!" shouted Jimmy, "you mean you had one like this, too?"

"Yup . . . except that mine only flew to 'Danny Boy.'" replied the Captain.

The old mariner re-lit his pipe.

"I brought it back to the states with me," he continued, "but we ran into a very cold winter that year, and I think one night it

just picked itself up and headed south with a flock of geese that were goin' by . . ."

Jimmy looked worried.

"Gee," he mumbled, "if I ever lost *this* harp my pa would raise heck with me. I got it for my birthday and it's supposed to be very valuable. I know he'd never believe me if I told him it flew away! And—gulp—in another month or two the weather's gonna be gettin' colder!"

"Well, harp's like this'n has got very independent speerits," said Captain Tim, "and that's why they flies in the first place. But mebbe you can train it to stay in New York."

In the weeks that followed, Jimmy played his harp regularly. His parents enjoyed sitting in their little parlour during the twilight hours of the day and listening to the soft sad strains of the little instrument. Jimmy was always careful not to play "The Wearin' Of The Green." Sometimes his father would ask for it, but Jimmy always pretended that he hadn't learned the song properly and was still practising.

Whenever they could, Jimmy and Captain Timothy would put out into the river where nobody could disturb them, and watch the harp in its graceful flights. They tried other songs, to see if any had the proper lifting power. The harp shimmied a bit on "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?" and jumped feebly to "Macushla" but there was only one melody which really made it soar. Hour on hour it would skim across the water, climbing steeply up up up — and then, banking sharply, it would dive straight as an arrow toward the little tug, levelling off at the very last second.

"Durn fool's gonna bust a string, buzzing us like that!" Captain Timothy used to mutter, but he really enjoyed it very much.

The weather, meanwhile, was getting steadily colder, and as the days went by Jimmy grew more and more worried. He

could tell, by the way that the harp was acting, that it might at any time decide to fly away to a warmer climate. He stopped playing "The Wearin' Of The Green," but even that didn't make him feel very much better. When a flying harp decided to go south for the winter, there was very little way, really, to hold it back.

"Somehow," said Captain Timothy with a wise nod, "they arrange it . . ."

People in New York had begun to go about in heavy overcoats, and one morning, when Jimmy woke up, he saw that there had been a light fall of snow. Frantic with fear, Jimmy rushed into the parlour where the harp was kept. He had a strange feeling that it had flown away, and that a terrible beating was in store for him.

When he came through the door, however, he saw his father, in his nightshirt, standing at the window. There was a strange, wild look in his eyes, as if he had seen something completely unbelievable. He turned frightenedly toward Jimmy.

"Er—ah—uh—your harp, Jimmy me lad. Er—it's too bad, but last night I think a good-fer-nothin' burglar broke into the house an—~~an~~—stole it! You can—gulp—s-see fer yerself that it's gone!"

Jimmy looked at the cupboard and, sure enough, the harp was missing. Then he looked at his frightened father, and finally shot a glance out of the window. High up in the sky—right where his father had been looking—Jimmy saw a string of geese heading south. At the tail end of the procession was a small, glittering object which looked just like Jimmy's harp.

As they stood silently in the little room Jimmy and his father could hear, coming from a great great distance, the faint but lovely strains of "The Wearin' Of The Green."

THE FOX *and* the CROW

A MODERN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS AESOP FABLE

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FOOLISH AND VAIN CROW NAMED GEORGE. HE THOUGHT HE WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL CROW NAMED GEORGE THAT HAD EVER BEEN BORN. HE EVEN THOUGHT HE WAS BETTER THAN ALL THE CROWS WHO WEREN'T

NAMED GEORGE, OF WHOM THERE WERE QUITE A FEW.

ONE DAY GEORGE FOUND A LARGE AND TASTY SLICE OF CHEESE. HE TOOK IT IN HIS BEAK AND FLEW TO THE BRANCH OF A NEARBY TREE. WHILE HE SAT THERE, TRYING TO DECIDE WHERE TO TAKE HIS DELICIOUS PRIZE, HIS FRIEND THE FOX CAME ALONG. THE FOX'S NAME WAS ALSO GEORGE.

"GOOD AFTERNOON," SAID GEORGE THE FOX.

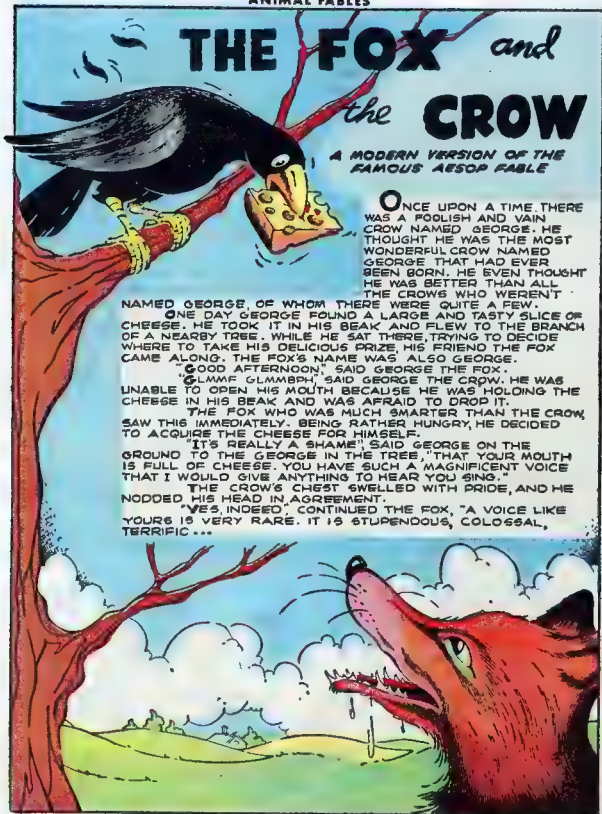
"GLMMF GLMMBPH," SAID GEORGE THE CROW. HE WAS UNABLE TO OPEN HIS MOUTH BECAUSE HE WAS HOLDING THE CHEESE IN HIS BEAK AND WAS AFRAID TO DROP IT.

THE FOX WHO WAS MUCH SMARTER THAN THE CROW, SAW THIS IMMEDIATELY. BEING RATHER HUNGRY, HE DECIDED TO ACQUIRE THE CHEESE FOR HIMSELF.

"IT'S REALLY A SHAME," SAID GEORGE ON THE GROUND TO THE GEORGE IN THE TREE, "THAT YOUR MOUTH IS FULL OF CHEESE. YOU HAVE SUCH A MAGNIFICENT VOICE THAT I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO HEAR YOU SING."

THE CROW'S CHEST SWELLED WITH PRIDE, AND HE NODDED HIS HEAD IN AGREEMENT.

"YES, INDEED," CONTINUED THE FOX, "A VOICE LIKE YOURS IS VERY RARE. IT IS STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, TERRIFIC..."



ANIMAL FABLES

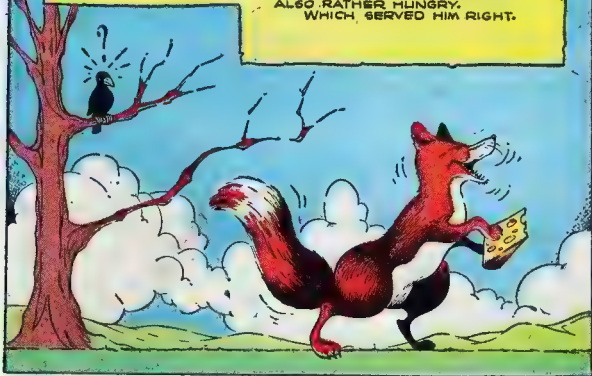
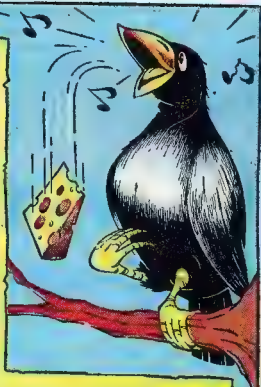
...A COMBINATION OF CROSBY, SINATRA, AND CARUSO ... A GEM ... A MASTERPIECE." IT IS, IN FACT, A CROON A CROW COULD BE CROWNED FOR!! TO HEAR YOU SING WOULD FILL ME WITH CHEESE... ER... I MEAN HAPPINESS."

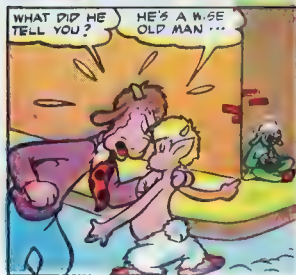
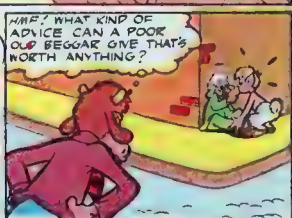
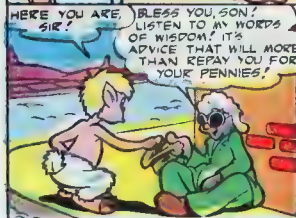
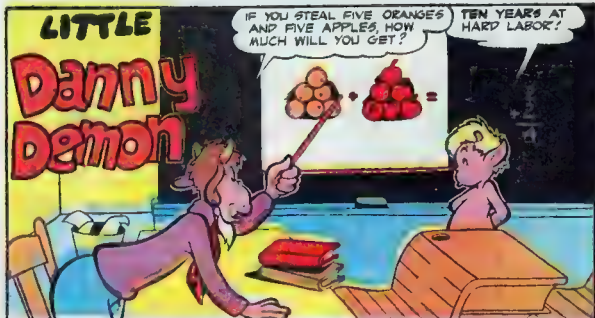
THE VAIN CROW ALMOST BURST WITH PRIDE WHEN HE HEARD THIS PRAISE. UNABLE TO CONTROL HIMSELF ANY LONGER HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND BEGAN TO SING.

THE BEAUTIFUL SLICE OF CHEESE POPPED FROM HIS BEAK AND INTO THE FOX'S WAITING PAWS.

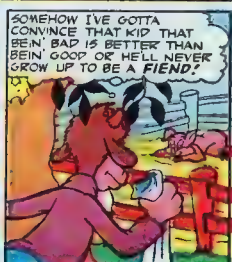
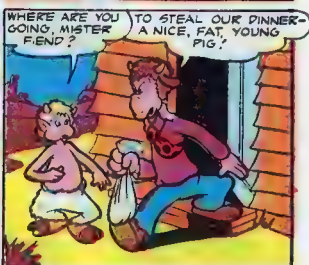
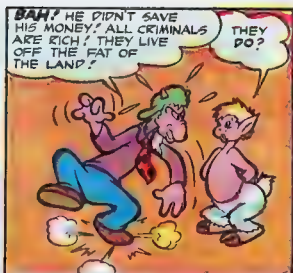
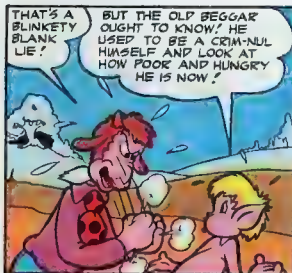
BEFORE THE FOOLISH CROW HAD FINISHED THE FIRST STANZA OF 'CLEMENTINE' THE FOX, LAUGHING LIKE EVERYTHING, WAS ON HIS WAY HOME WITH HIS DINNER.

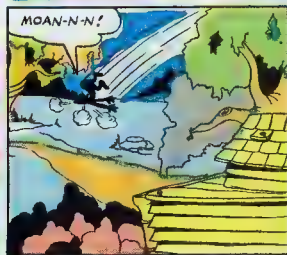
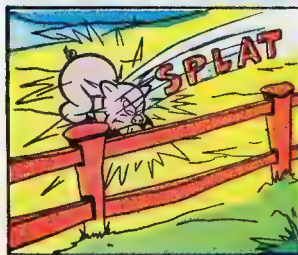
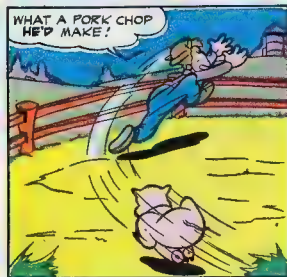
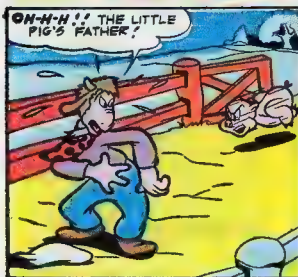
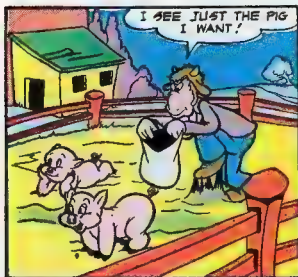
SUDDENLY THE CROW FELT SILLY. IN FACT VERY SILLY. AND ALSO RATHER HUNGRY. WHICH, SERVED HIM RIGHT.



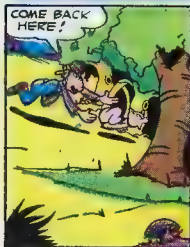
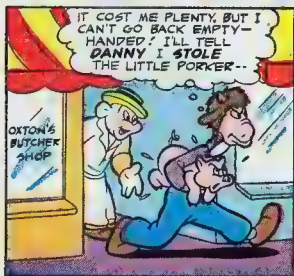
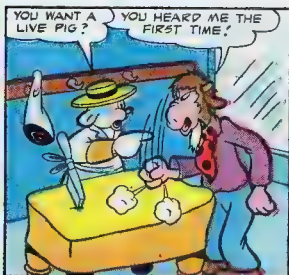


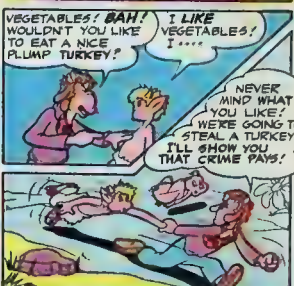
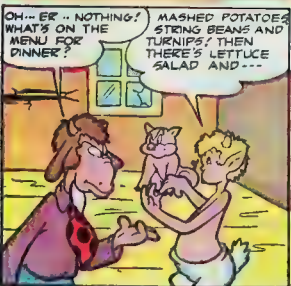
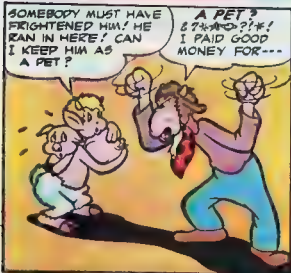
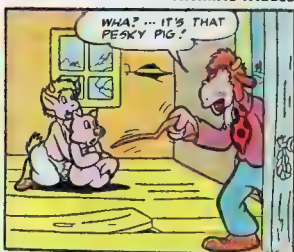
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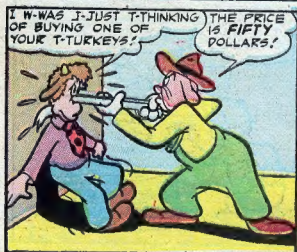
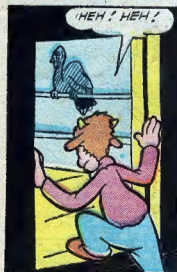
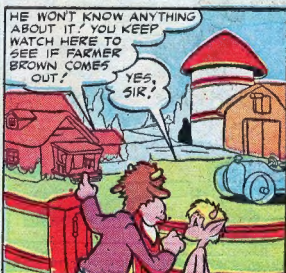


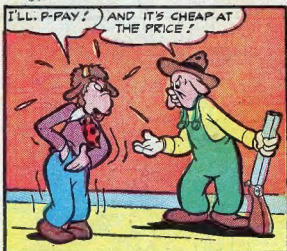
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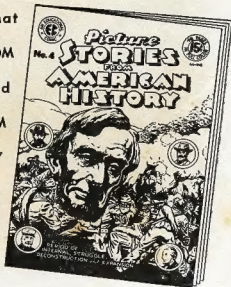
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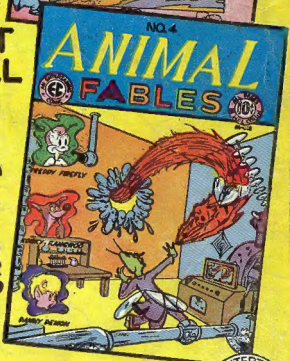


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